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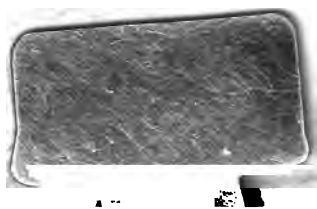
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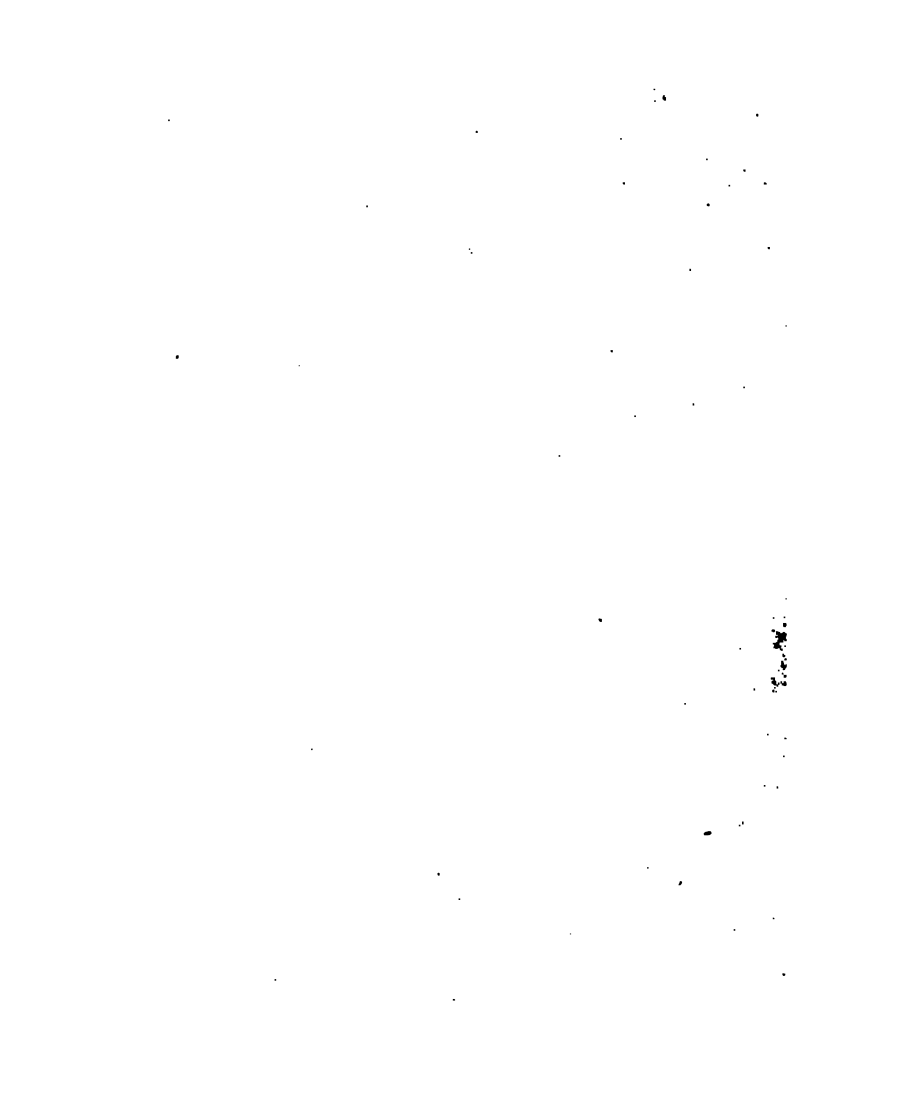
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TWISLETON'S
POEMS.

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POEMS
IN THE
CRAVEN DIALECT.

BY
TOM TWISLETON.

SECOND EDITION.

SETTLE:
WILDMAN AND SON.
1869.



INTRODUCTION.

Good reader, when ye tack a look
Within the leaves o' this lile book,
Ye needn't stare an' wonder,
If, when across its lines ye glance,
Ye pop upon a word by chance
That seems to be a blunder.

For we who speak this dialect,
To grammar fine an' words correct
We hev but sma' pretence ;
An' when our speeches, rough an' queer,
Fa' on a finely-polish'd ear,
'Twill hardly sound like sense.

As lang sen near as I can tell,
I learnt to read, an' write, an' spell,
But didn't learn mich grammar ;
An', growing up baath rough an' strang,
I threw down t' books befoor 'twas lang
An' tuck up t' spade an' hammer.

But often, when my wark I plied,
To mack a verse or two I tried,
To pass away the time ;

INTRODUCTION.

An' when I sud hev been asleep,
I wacken lay in study deep,
 Thrang mackin bits o' rhyme.

An' now ther's nowt macks me as fain
As when the lines, like drops o' rain,
 Yan efter t' other skelp it :
It's not in hopes of winning fame,
Or vain desires to raise a name—
 I rhyme cos I can't help it.

An' if to view wi' lenient eye
Each fault an' flaw that ye may spy
 Yer generous heart inclines,
An' not to scan wi' eye severe,
Then please accept the thanks sincere
 Of him who wrote these lines.

WINSKILL, NEAR SETTLE,

January, 1867.

TOM TWISLETON'S CRAVEN POEMS.

OWD JOHNNY AN' T' GHOST.

WHEN t' winter's sun sunk down at neet,
An' stars hed started peeping ;
When t' timid haare, wi' nimble feet,
Ower hill an' daal was creeping ;
When t' mother put to bed her flock,
An' sat down to her knitting ;
A lot o' chaps, at ten o'clock,
In t' publichouse were sitting,
Hauf drunk that neet.

A chap they caud owd Johnny Sykes
(A farmer was his calling),
Wi' two or three owd drucken tykes,
Was in the tap-room brawling.
He preacht an' talk'd how t' Government
Wi' taxes was encroaching ;
He talk'd of rates an' rising rent,
Till midneet was approaching
Fast on that neet.

Then up he gat, an' at a swipe
 He emptied off his noggin,
 Poo'd out his box, an' fill'd his pipe,
 An' said he mud be joggin' ;
 For t' time was come for him to steer,
 Though 'gainst his inclination ;
 For he'd across a common drear,
 An' past a thick plantation,
 To gang that neet.

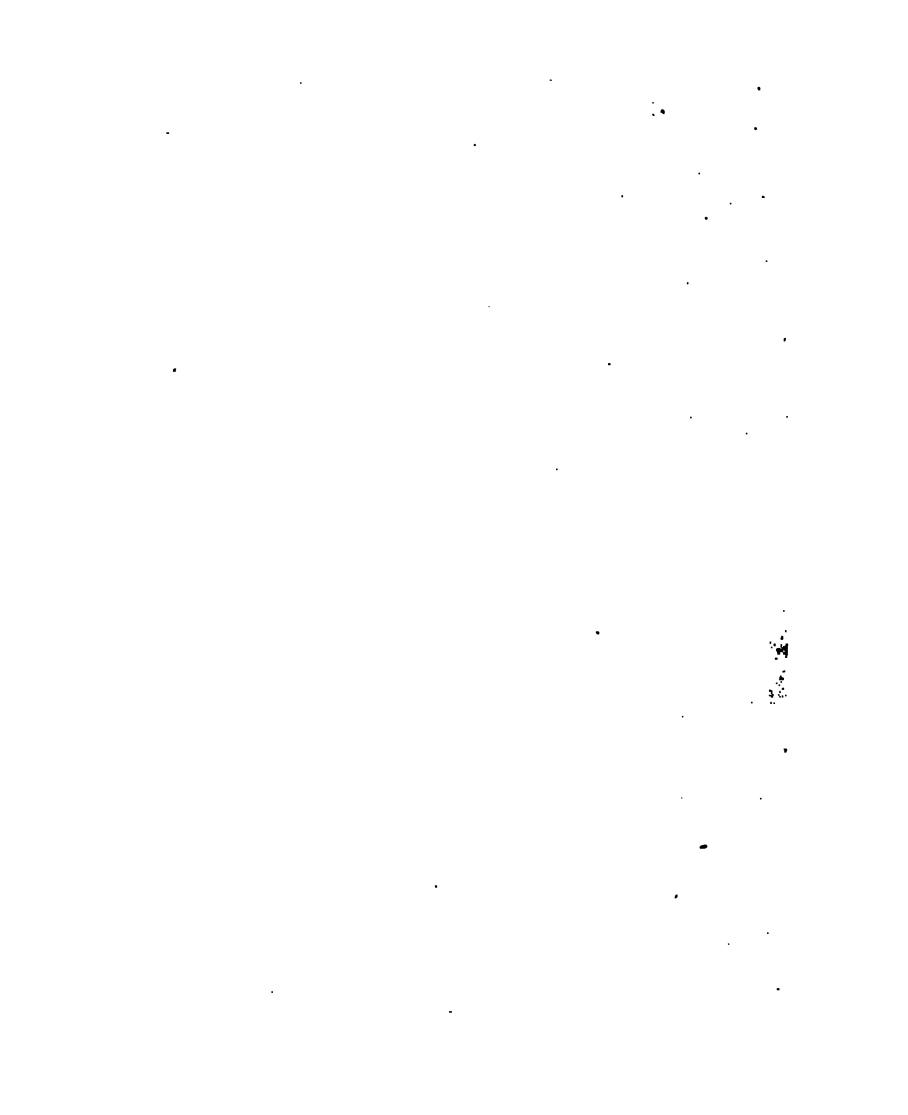
Saa on he put his girt top-coat,
 An' leggins med o' leather,
 An' teed his muffler round his throat,
 An' stept out into t' weather ;
 An' t' cowl north wind, sa fierce an' keen,
 Assailed him wi' sich rigour,
 It browt girt tear-drops fra his een,
 An' down his faace wi' vigour
 They ran that neet.

He knew he couldn't mend his job
 Wi' being chicken-hearted ;
 Saa seeaz'd his cudgel by the nob,
 An' haam he briskly started ;
An' thus he thowt, as on he went,—

If t' wife be up an' wacken,
 She'll rage an' storm to some extent ;
 I'se git a famous blacking
 Fra her this neet !

He trudged along wi' au his might,
 Sa confident an' fearless,
 Though weel he knew t' owd wife would flyte,
 An' t' neet was cowl an' cheerless :
 Dark, heavy clouds across o' t' sky,
 Urged on be t' wind, were rolling ;
 A hullat, fra a tree hard by,
 Wi' wild an' dismal howling,
 Screeam'd loud that neet.

But when he com to t' fir-tree wood—
 At t' farther side o' t' common,
 War t' carrier, in a pool o' blood,
 Yance fand a murder'd woman,—
 His courage au began to dee ;
 He slacken'd in his walking ;
 He scaarce durst look around, lest he
 Sud see her spirit stalking
 Abroad that neet.



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P O E M S
IN THE
CRAVEN DIALECT.

BY
TOM TWISLETON.

SECOND EDITION.

SETTLE :
WILDMAN AND SON.
1869.

Reight cautiously, wi' noiseless feet, .
I trudged along ower t' snaw that neet,
An' on a hill, i' t' dim moonleet,
 I spied a terrier gray ;
An' when I com into it seet,
 It bark'd and ran away.

An' then I spied another thief,—
A girt an, too, as fat as beef ;
Says I, It is my firm belief
 That summat is amiss ;
I doubt they're up to some mischief,—
 An', bless us ! what is this ?

Then up I went to t' wo to peep,
An' on a snaw-drift, coud an' deep,
Wi' fleece au torn, I spied a sheep,
 An' mony a bite did bleed ;
Then t' truth into my mind did creep,—
 Them dogs hez done this deed.

I thowt a bit what mud be done,
Then into t' house I went for t' gun,
An' back as fast as I could run,

An' t' dogs war baath at t' spot ;
Says I, I'll stop yer barbarous fun,
Ye's taast a bit o' shot.

Ye sheep ! that roam on hills an' banks,
To me an' my good gun give thanks ;
We stopp'd their thievish worrying pranks
Wi' lile round bits o' leead ;
We made yan stretch his terrier-shanks,
An' lig amang the deead.

An' t' other thief, that com to help,—
That ugly, girt Newfoundland whelp,—
Let off as fast as it could skelp ;
Thowt I, I'll mack thee smart :
I shot ; it raised an awful yelp,
An' ran for t' varra heart.

Wi' skill, baath times I hit my mark,
Though it was varra dim an' dark ;
I think I made a good neet's wark,
An' ye'll na doubt think t' saam ;
I sattled yan his ugly bark,
An' t' other's varra laam.

Ye farmers round about, who keep
 Yer Scotland yows an' hauf-bred sheep,
 May gang to bed content, an' sleep
 Without a bit o' fear ;
 Naa maar amang yer flocks they'll creep ;
 I stopp'd their mad career.

THE FAIR.

YAN morn in May, when blossoms gay
 On ivvry hand were springing ;
 When t' cuckoo's note through t' air did float,
 An' lile birds sweet were singing ;
 When ivvry bud, in field an' wood,
 Wi' busy bees was swarming ;
 When t' freshening breeze blew soft through
 t' trees,
 An' au was gay an' charming ;—
 Scarce hed the sun his wark begun,
 And marked the fields wi' shadows ;
 Scarce hed his rays dispelled the haze
An' mist fra off the meadows ;

When lasses, drest i' au their best,
Wi' mony a hat an' feather,
An' lads i' scoors, fra out o' t' moors,
Au jogg'd to t' fair together.

On spooarting bent, on fun intent,
Towards the spot they're clinking ;
Some lasses chat of dress or hat,
Some on their chaps are thinking.
The streets sa wide, fra end to side,
Wi' silks an' lace are blazing ;
An' fooaks wi' stands, on ivvry hand,
Their different wares are praising.

A stall wi' spice, an' fruit sa nice,
Is standing at the corner ;
There's orange, figs, an' penny whigs,
An' nuts fra Barcelona.
The best of ginger-beer's sold here,
An' corks do crack an' rattle ;
"This way," they cry ; "Come buy ! come buy !
A penny for a bottle !"

A lad stands there, of money bare,
Some mis-spent penny rueing ;

Wi' wistful eyes, some penny pies
He helplessly is viewing.
Another stands wi' baath his hands
An' mouth au daub'd wi' toffy ;
Whal them wi' sense gah spend their pence
In butter'd rolls an' coffee.

An', farther back, there stands a quack,
His drugs and physics vending ;
He cries his wares, wi'.knawing airs,
An' gabble nivver ending.
Full well he knows the cure an' cause
Of fevers, fits, and ague ;
The cramp, the gout, pains in and out,
Rheumatics, and lumbago.

An auctioneer, wi' voice austere,
Upon a stage is bawling ;
His teaspoons rare and Sheffield ware
He loudly is extolling.
He's cast-steel saws hung up i' raws,
An' spectacles an' caases ;
He's purses neat, an' razors breet,
To scrape owd men their faaces.

An' plain i' seet, down t' side o' t' street,
 A shooting-booth stands ready ;
 There, if ye will, gah try your skill,
 But mind yer hand be steady.
 There ye may stay an' shoot au t' day,
 If money ye hev got, sir ;
 Then march up bold, take firmly hold,
 "A penny for a shot, sir !"

An', farther down, i' t' midst o' t' town,
 A wild beeast show is standing ;
 A chap does come, wi' pipes an' drum,
 An' jumps up on to t' landing.
 He cries, " We've coons, an' wild baboons,
 An' other kinds o' monkeys ;
 We've t' giraffe tall, an' t' wild cat small,
 And two Egyptian donkeys.

" We've cockatoos an' kangaroos,
 An' beasts ov ivvry natur ;
 We've t' tall elk-deer, an' t' polar b ear,
 An' t' wide-mouth'd alligator ;
 We've t' porcupine, wi' quills sa fine,
 An' parrots famed for speech, man.

Hollo! I say; roll up this way!
It's only twopence each, man!"

Beneath yon sign they're selling wine,
An' ale likewise, an' spirits;
An' in they gang, a jolly thrang,
To taste an' try their merits.
They rant an' sing whal t' room does ring,
They er' sa blythe an' frisky;
Then they regale wi' pints of ale,
Or sups of gin or whisky.

Wi' squalls an' squeaks a fiddle speaks,
An' feet begin to patter;
They're up in pairs, for reels or squares,
An' t' varra room does clatter.
There to and fro, an' round they go,
As long as they think fitting;
Then on a bench, their thirst to quench,
Wi' glass in hand they're sitting.

There deck'd out fine, wi' crinoline,
The lasses they are flirting;
They pass you by wi' dress held high,
To show their fancy skirting.

THE FAIR.

An' if ye chance at them to glance,
They, wi' a queen-like air, sir,
Will stretch away, as if to say,
"Come near me, if you dare, sir!"

A couple kind, to love inclined,
Down t' fields are nicely walking ;
If ye git near an' chance to hear,
On wedding they are talking.
How slow they walk ! how low they talk !
An' how she smiles an' blushes !
Nor thinks amiss to tack a kiss,
Behint some hawthorn bushes.

Now day is gone, an' neet comes on,
For t' sun i' t' west is sinking ;
Some tippling sots, wi' pipes an' pots,
In t' taprooms still are drinking.
An', for a lark, when it grows dark,
Some lads are thrang sweethearting ;
Whal owder fooaks, nane fond o' jooaks,
For haam are fast departing.

An' mony a yan, ba-ath lad and man,
His spendthrift folly curses,

When foorc'd next day to gang away
 Wi' clean'd-out empty purses.
 Their money's done ; in foolish fun,
 Wi' careless hand, they spent it ;
 Then ha-am they slink, weel fill'd wi' drink,
 At leisure to repent it.

An' now, I say, ye lads sa gay,
 An' lasses neat and tidy,
 Whare'er ye be, whate'er ye see,
 Let prudence alus guide ye..
 Day after day its laws obey,
 An' follow its directions,
 An' spend this year that it will bēar
 Another year's reflections.

HUSBAND AND WIFE ;

OR, "WHARIVVER HEV YE BEEN?"
 WIFE.

WHARIVVER hev ye been to, ye mauping owd tyke?
 For ye've grown sich a trail-tripe, I nivver saw t' lik
 An' here I've bin waiting, expecting ye soon,
 An' t' supper's bin ready an hour an' aboon.
But it's just like ye men—I declare ye've na-a thow

This toast's bin by t' fire till it's pined fair to nout—
 When ye'll come yan can't tell, if ye're nobbut yance
 ga-an ;
 An' this tea's bin i' t' pot wal it's cowl as a sta-an.
 There's na-a gittin' a meal at t' reight time, au
 through t' day,
 For, as true as I's here, ye're allus away.
 There's na-a putting up wi' 't, ye're grown sich a
 ganger ;
 But I've made up my mind 'at I'll stand it na langer.

HUSBAND.

Now, praytha wisht, Betty—don't mack sich a din !
 Thou macks t' house like a bedlam, when a boddy
 comes in ;
 It's nabody's neck, if yan be rayther la-ate,
 I'm sure it's nowt that need set thee aga-at.
 I met wi' our Tommy, a-gangin' past t' Ploo,
 An' we caud in an' gat an' odd dobbin or two ;
 An' wi' talking ower t' markets, an' farming, an' stock,
 I gav' it na thowt whal it struck ten o'clock ;
 When I sed, "Is that ten? I mun gang reight away,
 Or our owd woman 'll hev summat ta say."

TOM TWISLETON'S CRAVEN POEMS.

Sa-a I tuck up my glass, an' I drank what w
 An' I coom out o' t' house i' less 'an a minute
 Thou's hed nout to do nobbut sit at thy eease,
 Sa-a let it drop, Betty; now do if ta please!

WIFE.

Let it drop! nay, not I—it wad mack ought fai
 Ye're grown just as rakish as ony young lad.
 Ye may say what ye will, I declare it's a sha-am
 That an owd man like ye cannot stop ma-ar at ha
 Owt at ye hev ta do ye mud do wal it's leet,
 An' not stop out trailing whal this time o' t' neet.
 Ye keep me up waiting here times without end,
 An' ye grow warse an' warse, 'stead a trying ta mend
 But, if I sud hev you mich offer ta tell,
 I'll ta bed, an' I'll leave ye ta fend for yersel.

HUSBAND.

Now, Betty, my lass, do praytha be quiet?
 For thou drives sich a noise, an' thou macks sich a
 riot,
 Fooaks, coming down t' street, 'll hear ivvrything
 plain,
 An' they'll say 'at yon two's aga-at differing again.

For thou talks sich a height, thou yowls, an' thou
squeeaks,

Yan mud hear thee a mile an' a hauf when ta speeaks.
When yan does come ha-am quiet, it wad be a capper
If thy tongue didn't gang just like a bell-clapper.
But, next time I's out, now just let nought be said,
Git thy supper at t' time, an' march off to bed.
I can do varra weel be mesel, I don't doubt it ;
If I can't mack me supper, I'll e'en gang without it.

WIFE.

That's just what yan gits when yan's done au yan can ;
They're weel 'at's not pester'd at au wi' a man ;—
Yan may sit up an' bother, an' nivver na eease,
An' when yan's done au yan nivver can pleasee.
Ye think yan sud humble, whativver ye say ;
But I tell ye, owd lad, 'at ye'll see different play !
But I'll off ta bed, for it's time I war tha-ar ;
If ye sit up an' grumble au neet, I don't ca-ar.
Whativver ye do, ye think yan sud say nout ;
But I tell ye, owd lad, 'at ye'll find yer mistack out !

HUSBAND.

Ay! praytha be ganging! git out o' me seet!
An' don't stand tha-ar praiching an' talking au neet!

Look as foul as ta likes, I don't ca-ar a pin,
 I's just suit mysel what time I come in.
 What occasion hes thou ta set up thy fa-ace?
 Thee mind thy awn business, an' keep thy awn pla-ace!
 If I hedn't gone out, it wad just a bin t' sa-am;
 For thou's nivver at ease when I do stop at ha-am.
 Thou's allus o' t' grumle, thy tongue's nivver still;
 I's fair stoad wi' t' sound, an' it seems thee reight ill.
 But yan needn't expect mich pleasure o' life,
 When yance yan gits teed to an ill-temper'd wife;
 An', ta allus put up wi' yer queerness an' scorn,
 It wad fair mack yan wish 'at yan'd nivver bin born.

WIFE.

Nay, praya now drop it! for I've heeard quite enough,
 An' rayther too mich o' that senseless stuff.
 I think 'at ye've said near enough about me,
 An' I'm sure I'm not hauf as ill-natured as ye;
 For ye gang out, an' stop out, here hour after hour,
 An' then ye come ha-am as surly an' sour;
 If yan say hauf a word 'at ye don't want ta hear,
 Ye're as crabb'd as a wasp, an' ye growl like a bear.
 It wad seem ye as weel if ye left yer ill-natur'
 Whar ye git au yer drink, ye ill-temper'd cratur!

But tha-ar ye'll be pleasant wi' au 'at ye see,
 An' come ha-am an' bring yer ill-natur' ta me.
 If I say hauf a word i' my awn self-defence,
 Ye storm like a madman, an' talk wi' na sense.
 But, say what ye will, an' do au ye can,
 I'll nivver be trod under foot wi' a man :
 An' t' next time ye gang, au 'at I hev to say
 Is, come ha-am better temper'd, or else bide away.
 Ye needn't ta think I's be ill off about ye ;
 If ye nivver come back, I can put on without ye.

 ADAM AND MARY*.

A STORY of truth to you I'll relate,
 Of what once occurred in the Ohio State,
 Where, enjoying in peace all the comforts of life,
 Dwelt a man they called Adam, and Mary his wife.
 The priest, holy man ! he had looked in one day,
 To absolve and confess, to admonish and pray ;
 And, when he departed, left Mary a book,
 With a charge that within it with care she must look :
 And on Friday the next he would call, he then said,
 To ask a few things from the book she had read ;

 * An old story done into rhyme.

And he said that, in truth, it would be a sin
If she could not answer the questions therein.

She humbly said that it was her desire,
To try and fulfil all that he should require ;
So, when he departed, she put it away,
Resolving to read it the very next day.

But the next day, and next, had arrived and were past,
And the fixed-upon Friday had come at the last ;
But Mary had always neglected to look,
So she knew not a word that was writ in the book.

“ Oh ! what shall I do ? ” she exclaimed in dismay,
“ For the priest will be coming—he fixed on to-day ;
But if he be vexed when he happens to come,
I can win him to smiles with a glass of good rum . ”

Then she went to the cupboard that stood in the nook,
And took out the bottle, and held it to look.

“ Oh ! dear, what a job ? ” she exclaimed in a minute,
For she saw that the bottle had got nothing in it.

Then Adam was straightway despatched to the store,
And with him the bottle, for a little drop more ;
With the strictest injunction he must not there stay,
And mind and not venture to taste on the way.

But as Adam returned he made a full stop,
He thought he might venture on one single drop ;
A desire to taste it within him was growing,
And he thought he could do it without Mary's knowing.

So he pulled out the cork, and the first drop he
swallowed,
And before it was long a second had followed ;
And a little bit further he made them up three,
And Adam was as drunk as he ever could be.

Then he staggered on homeward, like one half asleep,
Till he came to some stones that were laid on a heap ;
And, attempting to cross them, the rum showed its
strength,
For he staggered, and stumbled, and lay at his length.

Then Mary, who watched his return at a distance,
When she saw what had happened, ran to his assis-
tance ;
And discovered, with grief and vexation unspoken,
That Adam was drunk, and the bottle was broken.

“ Oh ! what shall we do, if his reverence should come ?
For Adam is drunk, and he's spilt all the rum !

But I must contrive it, and not let him see,
Or a curse he will lay upon Adam and me."

While thus she was thinking, it came in her head
That the best place for Adam was under the bed ;
So she told him, with caution, to make little din,
And he just had crept under, when his reverence came
in.

With a dignified air, and a sanctified look,
He commanded poor Mary to bring him the book ;
And the very first thing that he asked her to tell
Was, when sin first began, and how Adam fell ?

This question so sudden, so unlooked-for came,
She was nearly o'ercome with vexation and shame ;
And she faintly replies, while she inwardly groans,
That he fell on his face o'er a big heap of stones.

The priest was astonished at what Mary said,
And he thought that the book was not over well read ;
So he ask'd her again, in a dignified drawl,
"And where did he hide himself after his fall?"

Poor Mary,—this question was worst of the two—
she knew not whatever to say or to do.

She looked this way, and that, in confusion, and said,
 "Please your reverence, I've hidden him under the bed."

The priest, in his turn, was now filled with surprise,
 And he looked straight at Mary with wondering eyes ;
 Who rose up dismayed, and tremblingly shouted,—
 " Here, Adam, come out, for he knows all about it !"

THE RUNAWAY WEDDING.*

I'LL tell ye a stooary, if willing ye be,
 Of what, i' my young days, yance happened to me :—
 Wi' my fadher an' mother at ha-am I did dwell,
 An' I'd nout else to do nobbut just suit mysel.
 For twenty lang years our fooaks hed bin wed,
 An' I was au t' barn 'at ivver they'd hed ;
 I was petted an' spoil'd a good bit, I dar say,
 For whativver I wanted, I gat my awn way.
 I was na-am'd like me fadher, they caud me Jack
 Brown,
 An' a better-like lad nivver walk'd through that town.
 There was yan Doctor Thompson, me fadher's owd
 friend,
 Com' ower to our pla-ace a few days to spend,

* Partly based on a story which appeared in *Cassell's Paper*.

An' wi' that owd chap there com' a smart dowter—
 For a bit of an out he sed he hed browt her.
 Her age was eighteen, an' her name it was Mary,
 She wasn't bad-looking, but just the contrary ;
 For her waist it was slender, an' her fa-ace it was fair,
 An' down on her shoulders, in curls, hung her hair ;
 Wi' her fine rosy cheeks, an' her sparkling een,
 She was t' bonniest lass that I ivver hed seen.
 She seemed like some angel sent down fra above,
 An' at varra first seet I was smitten wi' love.
 Sich queer sensations did ower me creep,
 I was clean out o' fettle for itting or sleep,
 An' what was my ailment our fooaks couldn't tell,
 An' I hardly knew what I was doing mysel.
 Wharivver I went I was thinking about her,
 Till it com' i' my heead I could do nout without her.
 Well, the varra first chance, I tell'd her au this,
 An' she didn't seem vext, or to tack it amiss :
 I hardly durst tell her, I was flay'd t' wad a teas'd her,
 Then guess my delight when I saw 'at it pleas'd her.
 It was useless my joy to disguise or to cover,
 When she tell'd me at I was her accepted lover,
 Sa-a I swa-ar that I wadn't desert her,—no, nivver,
an' she said i' return she'd be faithful for ivver.

But soon she mud leave me, for short was their stay,
An' I felt just like crying when she'd gone away.
Sa lang an' sa cheerless the day seemed to be,
That yan 'day was like hauf-a-dozen to me.
I maup'd up an' down, depress'd an' downhearted,
An' au seem'd amiss sin' my darling departed ;
But still, unsuspected we managed to meet,
For a-cooarting I went ivvry Setterday neet ;
An' my joy was sa big 'at my wits near hed flown,
When I gat her to say she'd be Mrs. John Brown.
But we sed, to t' owd fooaks we wadn't explain it,
We were young, an' we thowt 'at they mud be again it ;
She was nobbut eighteen, an' me under twenty,
But we thowt to wirsels we were owd enough plenty.
We'd made up wir minds to be wedded by t' sly,
An' to mack 'em na wiser whal t' time hed gone by ;
An', if they were vex'd when t' secret was split,
We hedn't mich doubt but they'd mend in a bit.
We agreed tha-ar an' then 'at t' next Wednesday neet
Was a likely time, for t' moon wad give leet ;
An' I mud com' ower about t' hour o' three,
An' she wad be ready at t' sa-am time as me ;
An' then to a parson we'd gang for wir life,
An' befor owt could stop us be made man an' wife.

Well, a Wednesday neet, when they'd au gone to *bed*,
I drest mysel up i' grand style to be wed,—
I'd a swallow-tail'd cooat, too big by a part,
But as it was ancient I thowt it was smart ;
Though i' truth it was not a bit suited to me,
For 't tails were sa lang they hung down below t' knee ;
It hed a breet button just under each showder ;
It was reight for a man about fifty years owder.
I'd a stiffly-starch'd dicky—it look'd smart, did *that* ;
A pair o' top boots, and a sugar-loaf hat ;
To my breast hung a watchguard, wi' glittering span,
An' I thowt, i' my pride, 'at I look'd like a man.
When I'd made mysel sartin they au were asleep,
Fra the ha-am o' my parents I softly did creep ;
An' I went at the top o' my speed, without baiting,
Till I com' to the house whar my darling was waiting.
T' sky it was cloudy, an' au to my liking,
An' as I drew near I heeard three was striking ;
An' when up the garden I softly was creeping,
Fra t' oppen room window I spied my love peeping.
Then to her assistance I fetch'd a short ladder,
She sed, "Mack a lile noise or ye'll wacken my fadder."
Then she crept softly out, an' she swiftly descended,
An' wi' wide oppen arms I received my intended.

Now, Mary's next sister, her na-am it was Bess,
 She was varra like Mary, but younger, an' less ;
 Wharivver she went, mischief danced in her een ;
 She was t' wildest lile monkey 'at ivver was seen ;
 An' tha-ar, by the window, she smiling did stand,
 An' a bundle o' cla-as she held in her hand.
 "Now, thraw us that bundle—be sharp," Mary cried ;
 To this, with a loud, scornful laugh, Bess replied.
 "Now, Bessie," said Mary, "do praytha be quiet,
 Thou'll wacken au t' house if thou don't drop that riot.
 Oh, what sall we do if my fadder sud hear !"
 An' she turned white as snaw, an' she trembled wi'
 fear.

Then I said, "Leave that bundle, an' na ma-ar noise
 about it ;"

An' we just hed turned round to set off without it,
 When a voice out o' t' room cried "What means au
 that talking ?"

An' a heead an' a neetcap through t' window com'
 poking !

We stood fix'd o' t' spot, as if bun wi' a spell,
 For we knew it was owd Doctor Thompson hissell ;
 That imp of a Bessie hed tell'd him au t' plot,
 An' he'd been on t' look-out befoor I gat to t' spot.

He'd crept into t' room wi' ca-ar an' wi' caution,
 An' he'd heeard ivvry word, an' he'd watch'd ivvry
 motion.

"Now, Bessie, don't tease thy sister," he shouted,
 "But give her her bundle, an' look sharp about it ;
 "Thou sudn't a plagued 'em i' this way," he sed ;
 "They're off in a hurry, they want to be wed."
 'An' whar are ye gahing to live, Jack," he cried ;
 'I really can't tell ye," I faintly replied.
 'Well," says he, "I nivver heeard sich a tale i' my
 life,

Thou's a nice man to want owt wi' a wife ;
 To run off at this time o' neet to be wed,
 An' hes nayther money, nor house, nor a bed.
 Ay! thou's a nice man to want owt wi' a wife,"
 He shouted again, an' he laughed for his life.
 T' sky, au through t' neet, hed been overcast an'
 clouded,
 An' t' moon hed behint their dark masses been
 shrouded ;

But they started at t' sudden a clearing away,
 An' t' moon com' out splendid, as leet near as day ;
 An' things befor hidden i' t' shadows o' neet,
Sen it becom clearer whar au plain i' seet ;

An' t' noise 'at we made wackened them 'at was
sleeping,
An', to see what was up, they to t' windows com'
peeping,
An' tha-ar, a deal plainer than owt I desired,
They spied me thus oddly, thus strangely attired ;
An' then what a shout my poor ears did assail,
Yan cried, "What a hat!" an' yan cried, "What a
tail!"
An' their shouts an' their laughter grew louder and
stranger,
Till it gat to that pitch I could stand it na langer ;
But, fairly owercome wi' vexation an' sha-am,
I tuck to my heels i' t' direction of ha-am.
"Mind, don't break thy neck, lad, there," some on
'em cried ;
Some shouted, "Come back for thy bundle an' bride."
Fra their noise, like a ha-ar fra the hunters, I fled,
An' befor it was lang, I was ha-am an' i' bed ;
An' I vowed I'd ne'er meddle wi' t' women again,
For they caused nout but trouble to me, that was
plain ;
An' I've manfully stood by my vow to this day,
For befor I wad meet yan I'd turn out o' t' way.

Now lissen, ye lads, an' tack my advice ;
 Don't meddle wi' t' lasses, though ivver sa nice,
 But first ex yer mother, an' then do her bidding ;
 Remember Jack Brown an' his Runaway Wedding.

JOHNNY BLAND, THE BLACKSMITH.

COMPOSED FOR, AND RECITED AT SETTLE TEMPERANCE FESTIVAL,
 CHRISTMAS, 1865.

A BLACKSMITH strang was Johnny Bland,
 He wrought within a smiddy ;
 Wi' his girt hammer in his hand,
 He used to bump the stiddy.
 He was a chap of girt renown,
 A chap weel knawn to ony ;
 Na-a other blacksmith i' the town
 Could shoe a horse like Johnny.

He was a chap of giant length,
 He stood up like a steeple ;
 He was a chap of giant strength,
 Compared wi' other people.
 He was a brick to rant and fight,
 Na-an liked wi' him to quarrel ;
 And yet, wi' au his power and might,
He bowed befor a barrel.

When neet drew on her dusky veil,
His hammer ceas'd to clatter ;
He'd gang an' cau for pints of ale,
Or else for gin an' watter.
An' tha-ar, wi' his grim, sooty fa-ace,
He'd swear, an' drink, an' riot ;
An' na-a policeman in the pla-ace
Durst try to mack him quiet.
Or wi' a lot o' worthy mates,
Some wondrous ta-al relating,
They'd sagely wag their rusty pates,
Some question fine debating.
Oft Johnny to his feet did start,
And brandishing a bottle,
Cry, " Landlord, fill another quart !
We'll nivver be teetotal."
Now Johnny Bland he hed a wife,
Ye seldom see her marra ;
Yet she, poor woman, hed a life
Like a ta-ad beneath a harrow.
She was ba-ath thin an' poorly drest,
Good cla-as she stood girt need on ;
An' warse be far than au the rest,
She oft hed lile to feed on.

That was a better family wife
 Than is the regularly met ter:
 For in her own she never wanted ill,
 He never met himself ill
 He play'd as well a game as I,
 A crack, haughty sinner:
 She pinched away; her rags her
 Was broken down within her.
 And Johnny had a lot of bars,—
 He used to treat 'em shocking;
 'They run about an specks an' darns,
 Without a shoe or stocking,
 An' wad o' burning what was reight,
 'They war an awful sample;
 'They larn'd to swour, an' brawl, an' feight:
 'They followed his example.
 'There com' a chap yan afternoon,
 Inquiring after Johnny;
 His ole us wore cloth, an' ba-ath his shoon
 Wore black'd an' sha-an reight bonny.
 'Ther Johnny stood, an' his girt hand
 Squat his ribs he planted,
 An' telt him he was Johnny Bland,
 An' ut him what he wanted.

The stranger spack him mild an' fair,—

“ I am a temperance man ;

I come to bid ye all beware,

And try another plan.

Strong drink it is a deadly curse,

A foe to joy and gladness ;

It ruins health, it robs the purse,

And fills your home with sadness.”

Then Johnny turned his heead away,

An' said, “ I tell ye plain,

If that be au ye hev to say

Ye'd best gang back again ;

I've heeard sich stuff as that befoor,

But hed ma-ar sense than heed it ;

Sa-a now ye'd best walk off to t' door :”

But still the stranger pleaded.

He tell'd him of his evil ways,

Of wife an' barns neglected,

An' how they mud see happier days,

An' au become respected.

The truth struck ha-am to Johnny now,

His ee began to glisten ;

Wi' his rough hand he wiped his brow,

An' stopt his wark to listen.

The stranger bid him snap the chain,
 Which in its links hed twined him,
 An' nivver touch or ta-ast again,
 But cast the cup behind him.

Then Johnny said, "I hev been wrang,
 I frankly own my blunder ;
 I've been a slave to drink ower lang,
 I'll break my bonds asunder."

Now Johnny's ceas'd to be a fool,
 An' left off gin an' whisky ;
 His barns like others gang to school,
 An' na-an ma-ar fair an frisky.

An' what a change is wi' his wife !
 But 'tis a change for t' better ;
 I hardly think, upon my life,
 Ye'd ken her if ye met her.

Asteead o' gowns which look as though
 They' hed bin chewed wi' t' rattens,
 She can turn out wi' t' best, an' show
 Her muslins and her satins.
 Her ha-am is now a tidy pla-ace,
 An' kept in ample order ;
She wears a happy, smiling fa-ace,
Beneath a smart cap border.

Ye drinkers, come an' sign yer na-am,
Wi' full determination ;
An' pray for strength, when ye git ha-am,
To keep ye fra temptation.

Mack up yer minds to cast away
Ba-ath pewter pint an' bottle ;
Ye'll find ye'll nivver rue the day
Ye com' to sign teetotal.

Ye maybe say drink macks ye strang,
Ye cannot wark without it ;
I beg to say I think ye're wrang ;
That's t' lang an' short about it.

There's mony a yan who ne'er drank ale,
Or rum, or gin an' watter,
Can stoutly wield a spade or flail,
Or mack a stiddy clatter.

THE CHRISTMAS PARTY.

WHEN could December's sturdy breeze
In chimley-tops did grumble,
Or, tearing through the leafless trees,
On lang dark neets did rumble ;

A lot o' young fooaks, smart an' gay,
 An' owd ans, free an' hearty,
 Agreed amang thersels 'at they
 Wad hev a Christmas party
 At ha-am some neet.

They kicked up sich a fuss an' spreed,
 And made sich preparations—
 They ba-ak'd grand tarts, an' mix'd their breading
 Wi' spices fra au nations,—
 To drive away ba-ath want an' cowl
 It seem'd their inclination ;
 An' t' nebors round, ba-ath young an' owd,
 Au gat an invitation
 To gang yan neet.

Smart sprigs o' spruce an' ivy green
 Were fra the ceiling hinging,
 An' in their midst, conspicuous seen,
 The misletoe was swinging.
 The lamp sha-an forth as clear as day,
 An' nought was tha-ar neglected ;
 An' t' happy smiling fa-aces say,
 "Some company is expected
 To come this neet."

An' first com' Moll wi' girt lang Jack,
A strapping, good-like fellow,
An' following clooasly at their back
Com' Bob and Isabella.
With "How's yersel?" an' "How d'ye do?"
They sit down i' their pla-aces,
Till t' room sa big, au through an' through,
Wi' happy smiling fa-aces
Was filled that neet.

A merrier lot than this I na-am
Ne'er met at ony party—
Au girt grand balls they put to sha-am,
They were sa gay an' hearty.
Here yan hed made hersel quite fine,
Wi' la-ace an' braid's assistance ;
An' tha-ar a girt grand crinoline,
To keep t' lads at a distance,
Stood out that neet.

The lads draw up to t' fire their chairs,
An' merrily pass their jokes off ;
The lasses au slip off upstairs,
To pu' their hats an' cloaks off.

An' when this good substantial fare
Has gi'n 'em satisfaction,
They side au t' chairs, an' stand i' pairs,
Wi' heels i' tune for action.
See-sawing, t' fiddler now begins
The best that he is able ;
He rosins t' stick an' screws up t' pins,
An' jumps up on to t' table
To play that neet.

Tha-ar, back an' forrad, in an' out,
His elbow it gahs tilting ;
An' to an' fro, an' round about,
The dancers they are lilting.
Some dance wi' ease in splendid style,
Wi' tightly-fitting togs on ;
Whal others bump about au t' while,
Like drainers wi' their clogs on
Sa-a numb'd that neet.

An' when they've reel'd an' danc'd their fling,
Their chairs au round are ranged ;
They tell droll ta-als, they laugh, they sing,
And jokes are interchanged.

A merry tune t' girt kettle sings,
An' t' fire is blazing breetly ;
Wi' cheerful din t' owd farmhouse rings,
An' hours fly ower them sweetly
An' swift that neet.

T' owd women preach an' talk about
Their cla-as being owd an' rotten,
An' still bein' forc'd to speck an' clout,
It's sich a price is cotton.
T' owd men sit round, wi' pipe an' glass,
In earnest conversation ;
On t' ways an' means o' saving brass,
An' t' rules an' t' laws o' t' nation,
They talk that neet.

Now, girt lang Jack, that lives on't moor,
Wi' cunning an' wi' caution,
Is beckoning Moll to gang to t' door,
Wi' sly, mischievous notion.
Moll tacks the hint, nor thinks it wrang,
Her heart that way inclining ;
She says to t' rest she thinks she'll gang
To see if t' stars are shining
Out clear that neet.

Then down a field they tack a walk,
An' then they wend their way back ;
To hev a bit o' pleasant talk
They shelter under t' haystack.
She did not say "For shame!" not she,
Though oft-times Johnny kiss'd her ;
She said she just would run an' see
If t' other folks had missed her
Fra t' room that neet.

A chap that hed two watchful een,
Of which they weren't thinking,
When peeping round that neet hed seen
Long Jack at Molly winking.
Says he, "Now's t' time to hev a stir ;
Let's just gang out an' watch her.
We's hev some famous fun wi' her,
If we can nobbut catch her
Wi' him this neet.

Then two or three, bent on a spree,
Out to the door gang thunging ;
But hauf a yard they sca-ance could see,
It was as dark as dungeon.

Jack hears their footsteps coming slow,
 An' fra her side he slinks off ;
 Runs round t' house end, jumps ower a wa',
 An' up ower t' knee i' t' sink-trough
 He splash'd that neet.

Now, ye young men, be who ye may,
 That's bent on fun an' sporting,
 Whare'er ye be, by neet or day,
 Remember Jack's misfortan.
 Though things unlooked for on ye creep,
 Don't do ought in a splutter ;
 But learn to look befor ye leap,
 Lest ye in some deep gutter
 Stick fast some neet.

THE BACHELOR.

BEHOLD him issuing fra yon den,
 In his owd filthy garment ;
 Despised of women, shunn'd by men,
 A prey to fleas and varmint.
 For weeks he ne'er has wesh'd his fa-ace,
 His hair he ne'er puts comb in ;

Wi' dogged looks fra pla-ace to pla-ace
 He cheerlessly is roaming

A Bachelor.

Na-a cheerful hearth, na-a fireside breet,
 A pictur' ma-ast delighting—

Shines in his gloomy cot at neet,

His ha-amward steps inviting.

Na-a thrifty wife, wi' queen-like pride,

Sits tha-ar and plies her knitting ;

Tha-ar, by his dull and dark fireside,

He all forlorn is sitting

A Bachelor.

Come on wi' me an' view his cot,

His ha-am, his habitation ;

Mark weel the lone man's dreary lot,

His cheerless situation.

Tha-ar meeat hauf cook'd in mucky pan,

He swallows for subsistence :

It can't be said "Here lives a man !"

But yan drags out existence

A Bachelor.

Mark weel his bed, ba-ath stock and post

His blanket an' his sheet ;

D

Yon heap o' duds, in uproor tost,
 Sarves for a bed at neet.
 He doesn't tack the thowt an' care
 To spread his rags about ;
 But, like a fox, into his lair
 Creeps in whar he crept out,
A Bachelor.

Exposed to coud, exposed to damp,
 Wi' smook un' muck well scented ;
 Wi' rheumatism, pains an' cramps,
 He hourly is tormented.
 To four ba-ar wa's he may complain,
 Na-a living soul comes near him ;
 Tha-ar he may roll an' gra-an wi' pain,
 Theres na-a kind wife to cheer him,
A Bachelor.

Of au the troubles, girt an' sma',
 That harass an' distress man,—
 Of au the evils that befa',
 To punish and oppress man,—
 Of au the ills that curse his lot,
 The warst that I can tell

Is, to be shut in some dark cot
 To live tha-ar by hissel,

A Bachelor.

Of au the sluts that e'er were seen
 To slop through muck an' watter,
 Wi' hair au hinging ower their een,
 An' cla-as au rag an' tatter—
 Or any ill-tongued, scolding shrew
 Ye chance to hear or see—
 Give me the warst among the crew,
 Befoor I'll live an' dee

A Bachelor.

EPISTLE TO W—— L——.

DEAR BILLY,

Wi' pen in hand, yance ma-ar I sit,
 An' set my mind to wark a bit;
 To conjure up a letter.

I feel i' famous tune for t' job,
 The ready words rise to my gob
 As fast as they can clatter.

But, Billy, lad, in truth I doubt
I've verra lile to write about
 That will ye interest ;
For now-a-days, whare'er I gang,
It's still the sa-am dark, mournful sang—
 The plague, the rinderpest.

I'm glad to say, at Winskill here,
We fra the plague hev yet kept clear,
 But down at Cleatop Park,
An' Gildersleets, an' Rarmill Green,
An other spots where it hes been,
 It hes made awful wark.

Girt talk is stirring now-a-days
About the Irish an' their ways—
 The base, ungrateful craturs !
Fook's seem to think befor it's lang
There'll be an army, fierce an' strang,
 Of Fenian conspirators.

They laugh and say we yolunteers
Will drop our crest and hing our ears
 When t' Fenian banner waves.

They say we's drop ba-ath belt an' gun,
 An' off as fast as we could run,
 An' hide in woods an' caves.

But is there ony base-born slink
 Who'd see owd England's flagstaff sink,
 An' au her glory fade?
 Who'd see her foes approaching near,
 Wi' gun an' bayonet, pike an' spear,
 An' not come forth to aid?

If sich there be, whose coward shanks
 Hes wheeled an' march'd amang our ranks,
 He weel desarves our scorn;
 He's but a traitor an' a slave,
 Who will not feight—a hero brave—
 For t' land whar he was born.

But ye're akin, I've heeard ye say,
 To them who live in huts of clay
 An' cabins made o' logs;
 Ye knaw ye've swagger'd oft to me
 Yer girt grandsire com' ower the sea,
 Fra Tipperary bogs.

But that's au nowt ; I mack na-a doubt,
 But ye, a Briton staunch and stout,
 Like me, condemn their cause ;
 And boldly plead owd England's reight,
 An' if t' be needed, stoughtly feight
 For our good Queen an' lawa.

I chanced yan neet to toddle down
 To hear what raps at Langcliffe town,
 An' see a few owd friends ;
 An' when I landed ha-am that neet,
 There Harry sat with outstretch'd feet,
 To warm his girt ta-a enda.

I'd hardly time to fassen t' door,
 When up he jumpt an' on t' floor
 As lish as ony cat ;
 An' whal I glower'd like, rayther capt,
 He in my hand yer likeness clapt,
 An' said, "Does thou ken that ?"

*I gox it tuck me by surprise,
 I hardly could believe my eyes
 When I beheld the fact ;*

Yer lofty brow, sa bold an' fair,
Yer een, yer free-an'-easy air,
Were pictured tha-ar exact.

By George, Bill, how thy whisker grows!
A black moustache beneath thy nose,
An' on thy chin a beard!
Thou knocks me fairly out o' pla-ace,
For on my brow an' well tann'd fa-ace
Na-a hair hes yet appear'd.

Still smooth an' lass-like is my skin,
Na-a beard appears upon my chin,
Nor yet beneath my lug;
At yan an' twenty, I declare,
My fa-ace is just as free fra hair
As t' outside of a jug.

But down each side of Harry's fa-ace
A line of whiskers ye may tra-ace,
They shine i' t' sun so yallow.
Tha-ar on his cheeks in pride they grow,
Like two lile bits o' curly tow
Greas'd ower wi' warm beef tallow.

A chap like him ye seldom meet,—
 What t' fire gangs out near ivvery neet
 He sits just like a stock ;
 Tha-ar ower a book his noa-as he hings,
 An' reads of ancient bards an' kings
 What it strikes yan o'clock.

Then shivering, up to bed he'll creep,
 Whar I's laid snug an' warm asleep,
 His feet like lumps o' ice ;
 An' when yan's laid wi' snug warm skin,
 An' he rolls his cowl carcass in,
 It doesn't feel sa nice.

Ye're still a single chap, I guess,
 Ye manage to keep out o' t' mess—
 I mean the wedded life.
 If ye be wise, ye'll wait a bit—
 Ye'd rue it sa-ar were ye to git
 A crabb'd, ill-temper'd wife.

But if ye fa' owerheed i' love,
An' t' lass should kind and gentle prove,
 Wi' na-a queer ways about her

Ye'd maybe leead a happier life,
Were ye to tack her for your wife,
 Than what ye wad without her.

If that's the ca-ase, then fix the lock
Befoor the priest, in his white smock,
 Yer wedding vows declare ;
An' while the bells in merry peals,
Ring till the steeple fairly reels,
 Leead ha-am yer darling fair.

Yer clooasest secrets let her know,
An' share wi' her yer joy an' woe—
 She'll cheer yer daily toil ;
For when dark trouble's vex the mind,
What can cast ivvry cloud behind
 Like woman's cheerful smile ?

Then, now you're sattled down for life
Wi' ways an' means to keep a wife,
 Ye'd maybe best git wed ;
Ye knaw yan fire for ba-ath wad do,
An' there'd be room enough for two
 To sleep baath in a bed.

I'll hasten now to end my sang,
 In hopes that ye, before it's lang,
 Will send a lile epistle.
 Sa-a now, yance ma-ar, good bye, owd buck;
 I'll wish ye health, an' t' best of luck,
 Whal I hev wind to whistle.

CHURCH GANGING.

YAN Sabbath day, in summer time,
 When leaves were green an' flowers smelt prime,
 An' lile birds rais'd a din,
 I chanced to pass a house of prayer,
 That rear'd its steeple in the air,
 As fooaks were gangin' in.

Ba-ath young an' owd, an' rich an' poor,
 In mackin' for the oppen door,
 Au in a thrang did mix;
 Some strod in pride, like king or queen,
 Some tripp'd like fairies ower the green,
 Some totter'd in on sticks.

*I stood an' watch'd 'em walking in,
 To hear of future woe for sin,
 An' bliss for t' just an' wise;*

An' whal I glower'd wi' vacant stare,
 An' watch'd 'em enter t' house of prayer,
 Strange thowts began to rise.

I ex'd mysel, "What is it brings
 Yon mingled group of human things,
 That fra their houses come ?
 Do they come here to sing an' pray,
 An' to the priest attention pay ?"
 Answer says, "Nobbut some."

There's yan smart Miss, in gay attire,
 In hopes to mack 'em au admire,
 Her varra best she'll don ;
 An' yan sits near, whose wandering ee
 Is peeping up an down to see
 What sich a yan hes on.

An' yan comes in wi' waving hair,
 Put up wi' ivvry art an care,
 Beneath a fancy bonnet ;
 She hopes to turn au een that way,
 For it's ba-ath new, an' smart, an' gay,
 Wi' artificials on it.

An' yan comes in wi' haughty stride,
 His heart puffed up wi' empty pride,
 He thinks na-an like hissel ;
 He hesn't come in here this day
 To join his voice wi' them that pray,
 But just to cut a swell.

An' some bent down as if in prayer,
 Ower t' top o' t' pew, wi' careless stare,
 Do nought but squint an' sken ;
 To words of truth they pay na-a heed,
 They feel as if fra prison freed
 When t' clerk says t' last Amen.

An' then, again, there's some who gang,
 Wi' solemn looks an' fa-aces lang,
 To sing the sang of praise ;
 Who wear religion as a cloak,
 To hide fra unsuspecting folk
 Their cunning, rougish ways.

Au t' sarvice through, wi' pious looks,
 They hing their fa-aces ower their books,
 They act the saint right well ;
On holy things they seem intent,
While au th' time, to save a cent,
 They'd cheat t' owd lad hissel.

There's some, na doubt—but, ah ! a few—
 Who gang, wi' hearts sincer' an' true,
 To worship heaven's high King ;
 Who humbly kneel befor the throne,
 And in return for mercies shown,
 Their heartfelt praises sing.

'BACCA SMOOKING.

Yan winter's day, as I walked out,
 I sah a chap, ba-ath strang an' stout,
 Come wa-ading through the snaw ;
 He grasp'd a cudgel stout an' strang,
 An', as he trudged the rooad alang,
 His 'bacca he did blaw.

An' as I watched him turn the nook,
 Enveloped in the cloud o' smook
 That round his heead did thicken ;
 I pondered deeply in my mind,
 What joy he in the pipe could find
 That in his mouth was stickin'.

*For meet that man whene'er ye may,
 Be 't summer time or winter's day,
 Ye're sure to see him smoking ;*

Wi' his black pipe beneath his snout
 He thraws girt clouds o' reek about,
 Just like a chimley walking.

Last thing ere he retires to rest,
 First thing as soon as he is drest,
 The pipe mun hev a turn ;
 An' efter ivvry meal he gits,
 Grave-looking as a judge he sits,
 His Indian weed to burn.

Though he of good substantial stuff
 Hes itten till he's hed enough,
 He feels there's summat wrang ;
 Till fra the chimley-piece he brings
 The queerest of invented things—
 A pipe near two foot lang.

Then up to t' fire his chair he draws,
 An' for his 'bacca-pot he caus,
 An' puffs wi might and main ;
 While t' stifing vapour curls an' creeps,
 As mist along the mountain sweeps
 When it's bin heavy rain.

*Week efter week, an' never miss,
 In nasty stinking stuff like this
 His money he will war ;*

While if some beggar, fill'd wi' grief,
 Com' up to him to crave relief,
 He'd say he'd nowt to spar'.

An' men who toil fra day to day,
 Wi' nowt else but their scanty pay
 Their families' wants to feed,
 Although theirsels, their barns, an' wife,
 Sud gang in tatters au their life,
 They, too, mun blaw their weed.

An fast young men, i' ivvry town,
 Wi' t' fancy pipe strut up an' down—
 They think it is sa jolly ;—
 Tha-ar, arm i' arm down t' streets they reel ;
 But while they think they look genteel,
 They nobbut show their folly.

An' nobbut look at bits o' lads,
 How soon they imitate their dads ;
 For, ere they're weel turned ten,
 If they can suck a black clay stick
Without yance turning pale or sick,
 They think it macks 'em men.

In some calm nook, wi' mony a scratch
To set on fire a brimstoone match,
 Some lile ragg'd scamp will stop ;
Then, full o' pride, he'll stretch about,
While fra his mouth the reek spouts out
 As fra a limekil top.

Now, ye owd men, whose heeads are gray,
Thraw pipe an' 'bacca-box away,
 An' on this habit trample ;
An' ne'er advise the rising squad
To let ala-an a practice bad,
 Till first ye set t' example.

For I've often seen it's bin the ca-ase,
Ye, wi' the pipe stuck in yer fa-ace,
 Yer good advice wad tell ;
Persuading young uns ne'er to start,
But hedn't courage in yer heart
 To give it up yersel.

An' be advised, ye lads, by me,
An' let this stinking rubbish be—
 It's sure to mack ye sick :
An' if ye hev some brass to war,
Ye'll find it will be better far
 To buy a toffy-stick.

T' GIRT REVIEW O' VOLUNTEERS AT YORK,

ON T' 11TH O' AUGUST, 1866.

It wor a pleasant August morn,
Wi' just enough o' breeze
To bend the ears o' ripenin' corn,
An' stir the leafy trees.
T' lark wor singing i' the air,
The sun did breetly shine,
An' t' weather gav a promise fair
O' keeping clear an' fine
Au through that day.

That morn owd York wor an alive
Wi' leet an' merry hearts,
For t' country fooaks com' i' full drive
I' gigs an' market carts.
An' girt lang trains wi' whistlin' din
Com' whirling up to t' station,
They laads o' volunteers brought in
Fra au parts o' the nation
To York that day.

*Au dress'd i' green—a grand array—
Com' t' famous “Robin Hoods,”*

To be reviewed they com' that day
 Fra Nottingham's green woods.
 An' many ma-ar battalions strang,
 Beside our loyal sels—
 Who muster stoutly fra amang
 Owd Craven's dales an' fells,—
 Wor thaar that day.

'Tis past the power of tongue or pen
 To tell the sounds an' seets,
 When heavy guns an' armed men
 Went rattlin' thro' the streets;
 Wal fra the window-sills the flags
 Red, white, an' blue did fly,
 Just like a lot o' painted rags
 On pows stuck out to dry
 I' t' sun that day.

Corps after corps—a lengthy line,
 For Knavesmire we did steer,
 For t' Prince o' Wales an' t' Princess fine
 Wor gaaing to meet us thear,
Wi' mony a nobleman beside
Of brave an' warlike ra-ace,

To see if we wor qualified,
Owd England's foes to fa-ace
Bi neet or day.

Then rifleman an' engineer
Wor marshall'd i' their pla-aces
Upon the plain whar ivvry year
The jockey lads ride races.
An' heavy guns wi' clattering gear
Ower gutters deep did rattle ;
'Twas quite enow to mack yan sweear
That we to feight a battle
Hed com' that day.

To reight, to left, i' front, i' rear,
Which way ye turned yer een,
Thaar ranks i' uniform appeared
Of scarlet, gray, or green.
How mony volunteers wor thaar,
I don't profess to ken,
I've heeard it said that there was maar
Than twenty thousand men
I' arms that day.

Then com' the Prince wi' dukes an' lords
An' knights renowned an' brave,

Who hed e'er now unsheathed their swords
 Far ower the briny wave.
 Men who hed battled hand to hand
 Wi' England's fiercest foes,
 An' rais'd their voice i' stern command
 Whar deeath's deyouing jaws
 Gaap'd wide that day.

For some o' them hed hotly dash'd
 Whar shells an' bullets rattle,
 Their plumes hed waved their swords hed
 flashed
 I' mony a deadly battle.
 An' some o' them hed help'd to sweep
 The Sepoy's ranks asunder,
 An' some hed rushed up Alma's steep
 When t' Russian cannons' thunder
 Rooar'd loud that day.

Now on their chargers hot an' strang
 They to an' fro did prance,
 An' watched us through the movements gang
 Wi' penetrating glance.
T' wod mak ye quail sich een to meet,
As they upon us cast,

An' viewed us ower fra heead to feet
 When we went marching past
 I' ranks that day.

Now to the reight or left we wheel,
 Just as they give command,
 An' now wi' firmly fixed steel
 I' solid squares we stand.
 Then at a word our bayonets breet
 We au unfixed at yance,
 An' ower the plain wi' tramping feet
 I' columns we advance
 Quick time that day.

Now 'halt!' again t' commanders shout,
 An' still stands ivvery shank!
 They cry—"Now tak yer stoppers out!
 An' charge yer guns wi' blank!"
 But cartridge paper wor so tough,
 Some poo'd an' twined an' screwed it,
 But tried i' vain to rive it off,
 Till wi' their teeth they chewed it
 I' bits that day.

When t' rifle firing did commence
 I' vollies an' i' files,

The smooak raase up i' columns dense
 An' t' noise wor heeard for miles.
 An' when their dubbly-deeafening din
 The canons did deliver,
 As if an earthquake rolled within,
 Au t' grund seemed fair to quiver
 An' shak that day.

Sum horses tuk a prancing fit
 When first the trumpet sounded,
 I' spite o' curb an' double-bit
 They snorted an' they bounded ;
 Whal others stood quite calm an' taam,
 Tho' volleys poured out faster,
 They seem'd to be as mich at haam
 As if they'd bin i' t' paster
 Miles off that day.

'Twas sed girt praise wor justly due,
 For't smart an' active way
 In which the movements wor gone through
Bi au on t' field that day.
Howivver t' Prince o' Wales hissell,
Sed ivvery move an' action

Wos gone through sowdgerlike an' well
An' gav girt satisfaction

To him that day.

Now hushed wor au the rifle cracks,
The big guns ceased to fire,
An' gunners on their horses' backs
Aside did then retire.

An mony a hungry volunteer
Bi this began to think

"Twor time for t' officers to steer
To find sum meeat an' drink

For t' men that day.

They marched us to some risin' ground
To exercise wer patience,
Till t' sergeants browt the baskets round,
An' handed out the rations.

Girt hampers o' provisions good
The bankside did adorn,

An' lots o' casks that held the blood
Of bold John Barleycorn

To sup that day.

Befoar we'd waited varra lang,

Wer jaws gat exercised,

An' mony a sharp an' eager fang
 Went slap through fine veal pies.
 An' then a lot o' thirsty chaps,
 The barrels did assail,
 They drew the pegs an' twined the taps
 An' browt the frothing aal
 I' pails that day.

An' when it's sarved among the men,
 . What tearing an' what riving !
 Wi' baath his hands yan hods a can
 Whal t' rest are for it striving.
 I think it mun ha' bin first rate,
 Sa greedily some tuk it,
 For jug an' glass they didn't wait
 But supped it out o' t' bucket
 Like pigs that day.

Now seated on t' lile hills an' banks
 Sum hundreds mud be seen,
 Whal them possessed o' active shanks
 Wor dancin' on the green ;
*For trumpets fra a scoor o' bands
 Sent up their martial clamour,*

When we wi' trailing arms marched in
 What t' music played "Slap Bang."
 For even t' barns that ran about
 I' petticoats an' frocks,
 Did clap ther bits o' hands and shout,
 And cra' like Banty-cocks
 Reight loud that day.

And ancient dames and maidens fair
 Dress'd in au forms an' styles,
 Their hankishers waaved i' the air
 An' showered on us their smiles.
 Thaar in their beauty and their pride
 They helped to swell the cheers.—
 "Ye're welcome, welcome" loud they cried
 Owd England's Volunteers
 To York this day.

Wor thaar a man 'at didn't feel
 His heart bound leet and free?
 An' that he'd march wi' fixed steel
 An' nobly "do or dee,"
For England's reights, for England's Que
For England's blooming dowters,

If ony foreign foe wor seen
Approaching near her quarters
Bi neet or day?

We'd hardly room to stir wer feet
Six inches at a stride,
Wi' crowds o' lookers on the street
Wor filled fra side to side.
Our gallant Colonel on his horse
The foremost man wor riding
Through that vast crowd a road to force
For us to reach the siding
I' time that day.

And when into the train we jammed
What noise thaar wor and clatter,
For some cried out 'at they wor crammed
And some cried out for watter.
Some gaaped an' sung wi' might an' main
An' some gat out o' patience,
Till au at last gat back again
To their respective Stations
Fra York that day.

LETTER TO THE POET'S BROTHER, ON HIS
EXTENDING HIS LEAVE OF ABSENCE.

I'll tell thee plainly, Maister Frank,
Thou's playing off a tidy prank,
An' dodging us in style.

When thou up into Howgill went,
We didn't think 'twas thy intent
To stop sa lang a while.

This is the four-an'-thirtieth day
That's passed sin thou first went away
In taty moad to scrat ;
An' if ye've nobut wrout like men
Ye will hev done yer job lang sin,
I'm gay weel sure o' that.

Thou wants weel threshing wi' a stick
For playing this unmanly trick—
It is a down reight shaam ;
When we've baath lime an' cooals to leead,
An' gaps to wo, an' muck to spreead,
An' lots o' wark at haam.

On Tuesdays I'm uncommon thrang,
For I've to Settle town to gang,
To do the markit wark ;

An' when I git back haam wi' t' cart
I hev to change my coot, an' start
An' fetch au t' beas i' t' dark.

My mother oft sings out amain,
She'll fret an' murmer an' complain,
An' let me hev na peace ;
For if I've ony whar to gang,
She'll say "Now mind an' don't stop lang,
For wha's to milk au t' beas."

Ned Hague who lives wi' Mr. Hart,
An' Ned who follows Marchbank's cart,
Keep exing me about thee ;
An' Alice says she will be fain
When Frank comes marching haam again,
She's fairly lost without thee.

Now, when thou hes this letter read,
To au that I hev herein sed
I hope thou wilt attend ;
For I sal be sa badly vext,
If thou don't come by Tuesday next—
I'll kick thy hinderend.

EPISTLE TO ROBERT HILL,
BLACKBURN, MAY, 1866.

Respected friend, I mack na doubt
Ye'll wonder what I've been about,
 To be sa lang a-time ;
For summat like six weeks hev fled
Sen t' neet when I a promise med
 To write to ye in rhyme.

But during them six weeks ye see,
Au sich like country chaps as me
 Hev been uncommon thrang—
Wi' yows an' lambs an' sich like wark,
We've hed to trot fra leet to dark
 As fast as we could gang.

An' heving miss'd a deecal o' sleep—
Wi' sitting up an' watching t' sheep—
 To study it was naa good ;
In vain I tried an' tax'd my wit,
My heead for thowt was just as fit
 As if 't were med o' wood.

*But now the rough is ower an' past,
An' smoother times hev come at last,
 Again my mind feels free.*

Saa now, without maar loss o' time,
I'll scribble down a haam-spun rhyme,
An' post it off to ye.

I hope, owd friend, ye still keep weel,
Na maar condemn'd sich pains to feel
As tooth wark or the tick.
An' as for us at Winskill here,
Though oft exposed to storms severe,
Yet still we all keep wick.

Our women fooaks now fuss about,
And turn the house near inside out—
Ye knaw it's cleaning time ;
First fra the nook the cobweb fo's,
Then fiercely they assail the wo's
Wi' t' white-wesh brush an' lime.

Now down below, an' now upstairs,
Wi' chests an' tables, stools an' chairs,
They keep a constant clatter.
They're bent on macking au quite fine,
Yan scrubs wi' wax an' turpentine,
An' yan wi' soap an' watter.

Owd winter now, wi' staff in hand,
Is off to show in some far land
 His hoary, withered chin ;
An' followed wi' her dazzling train—
To bring deead things to life again—
 Sweet spring comes smiling in.

The noisey tewit flaps her wings,
And in the air the skylark sings
 Its clear, melodious lay.
Owd nature casts her wintry frown,
An' hastes to don a flowery crown
 To welcome glorious May.

On some heigh hill now tack yer stand,
And view the plats of dark green land
 Which down the valley lie ;
Then to the north just turn yersel,
Whar Pennyghent and Fountains' fell
 Cock up their crests on high.

View Stainforth Scarr's bold, rugged wo'a,
An' then the bonny wood that grows
 An' blossoms down below it—

Sich scenes as these when seen in spring
Wad mack a quaker dance an' sing,
An' mack a clown turn poet.

In stirring towns an' cities smart—
Amang the grandest warks of art—
Ye nivver see sich seets :
For ye naa merry skylark sings,
Naa cuckoo shouts, or wild-flower springs
Amang your crowded streets.

Boast not your buildings proudly grand,
Your lofty halls, whar t' human hand
Its deepest skill hes tried ;
I'd rayther be whar sparkling rills
Run murmuring ower the craggs an' gills
Of some rough mountain-side.

When blackbirds chant their evening lays,
An' t' summer-sun's departing rays
Wi' splendour gilds the west—
In some sweet angle let me stray,
Fra noise an' tumult far away,
Wi' her whom I love best.

For in this world of care an' strife,
 If there be owt to sweeten life
 An' banish darksome gloom—
 'Tis when a loving pair can meet,
 To breathe their vows in some retreat
 Whar nature's beauties bloom.

My gun I've lang since put away,
 An' thaar he's lain for many a day,
 Wi' dust au covered thick ;
 An' thaar, for full three months to come,
 He mun remain—as mute an' dumb
 As any besom-stick—

Till August reaches its twelfth day,
 Then yance again wi' him I'll stray,
 Knee-deep i' bent an' ling—
 Whar curlews shout an' moorcocks cry
 Again he'll raise his voice on high,
 A merry tune he'll sing.

*In hopes that ye'll excuse each fault,
 I now command the lines to halt,
 An' bid my hand be still ;*

Saa mind ye don't forgit to give
My best respects to Mr. Stiv,
The saam to Mrs. Hill.

I hope ere lang ye will incline
To scribble down a friendly line,
An' tell me how ye fare.
Saa now it's ower hauf-past ten,
I'll put aside my ink an' pen,
An' toddle off up t' stair.

COMPOSED ON BOTH BARRELS OF MY GUN
MISSING FIRE AT A HARE, ONE WET DAY,
ON ACCOUNT OF MY NOT USING WATER-
PROOF CAPS.

Yan day when I was rangeing t' land,
Wi' owd black Bess cocked in my hand,
Up starts a thumping hare ;
Then up I browt my gun at yance,
An' down the barrels I did glance,
An' on her levelled pair.

I do declare it was too bad—
Enough to mack a fellow mad,
 For t' hammers just med snaps.
And when unhurt off bounded t' haar,
I vow'd I wad depend na maar
 On common, low-priced caps.

When yan hes managed to get near,
"Twad varnear mack a parson swear,
 When snap baath hammers gang ;
An' t' game is off in rapid flight,
An' yan hes tried baath left an' right,
 An' cannot raise a bang.

It is a sad, mistacken plan
Of ony sporting, shooting man
 To use inferior stuff :
For if he low-priced powder buy,
Or caps that nobut strike when dry,
 He'll rue it sure enough.

Although his gun's a blade to kill,
An' he possess sufficient skill,
 I'll bet ye hauf-a-crown

That he may blaze an' shoot away,
Fra marning leet to t' close o' day,
 An' seldom bring owt down .

As lang as I a shooting gang,
Of Lawrence-powder good an' strang,
 I'll aulus be possess'd ;
An' never put my trust again
In caps that wont stand au rain—
 But Ely's verra best.

For if a gun be tried an' true,
An' t' amunition good an' new,
 An' t' charges put in reight—
If it don't fotch 'em down like fun
At forty yards, I dar be bun
 It's t' man 'at can't shoot streight.

ON HEARING A VOLUNTEER CALLED A GOOSE
BY THE DRILL INSTRUCTOR.

If ancient knights who shook the spear,
Could come an' view the muster here,
 Wi' wonder it wad fill them ;

'Twad mack 'em oppen wide their eyes
 To see geese do their exercise,
 An' t' ass stand by to drill them.

LETTER TO THE POET'S BROTHER.

Some days an' weeks an' months hev past
 Since I last tried to wind a blast
 On my poetic horn ;
 My muse, just like a wing-clipp'd rook,
 Hes lang sat tether'd i' the nook,
 Dejected and forlorn.

But, just like yan raised fra the deead,
 Yan day she lifted up her heead,
 An' straightened down each feather ;
 An' au at yan she spread her wings,
 An', wi' a few determined springs,
 She snapt i' two her tether.

But, still, my thowts are quite confused,
 For I to rhyme am so lile used,
 That now, I swear, the fact is—

Wor it to be my only caar,
'Twad tack me full six months an' maar
 To bring me into practise.

We au are varra weel at haam,
An' hope thou also art the saam,
 Though when thou sent thy letter
Thou said thy health was naan o' t' best,
That coughs disturbed, an' pains distress'd,
 But now I hope thou'rt better.

Thou wad feel rayther dull, na doubt,
When thou had spent thy fortnight's out,
 An' bid farewell to Settle ;
Though coming haam wad mack thee fain,
That heving to gang back again
 Wad rayther try thy mettle.

'Twill do thee good, thou thowtless dog,
This fetching in thy weekly prog,
 Tea, sugar, beef, an' bread ;
'Twill school thee for domestic life,
An' mack thee useful to thy wife,
 If ivver thou gits wed.

An' Harry, lad, to speeak my mind,
True comfort thou wilt seldom find
 If thou wi' strangers dwells ;
For scold or praise, neglect, attend,
They do it au thou may depend
 To benefit theirsels.

If thou can win some maiden—sweet
I' faace an' form baath fair an' neat—
 To share thy toil an' rest ;
Not yan 'at minds her neighbour's cares,
But yan 'at minds her awn affairs,
 Thou wilt be truly blest.

If thou'll but strive an' persevere,
An' git two hundred pounds a year,
 Thou may afford to marry.
She'll be a lass 'at sings an' plays,
Weel polished baath i' speech an' ways,
 Or else she'll naan suit Harry.

Miss Mary Greenwood went yan day
To snuff the breeze at Morcambe Bay,
 And hev a sail beside ;

An' thaar, just like some fop genteel
Dress'd in his best fra heead to heel,
Wer brother Frank she spied.

Fra what she says I understand,
To cut a swell an' do the grand
He seemed naa pains to spare :
Fine, fancy boots his feet embraced,
And in between his lips was placed
The end of a cigar.

I guess thou'll know as weel as me,
That, when at haam, he used to be
A girt rough country swell ;
Then, now that he lives in a town,
He hardly knaws, I'll bet a crown,
How grand to mack hissel.

Yan Monday neet I chanced to call
To see the ladies at t' Town Hall,
An' ex 'em how they fared ;
Quite unconcerned at t' door I knocked,
Then lifted sneck, an' in I wàlked,
But goodness how I stared.

Of weel dress'd gents an' ladies fair,
Of silks an' chains an' curling hair
 There was a grand display ;
An' seeing my embarass'd state,
They said, we've come to celebrate
 Miss Hardacre's birthday.

Thou may be sure, when I was press'd,
I joined in gladly wi' the rest,
 They seem'd sa free an' hearty.
Bold freedom banish'd formal pride,
An' fun kick'd thowt an' caar aside,
 An' joined in wi' the party.

Then taals were tell'd, an' sangs were sung,
The merry laughter fairly rung
 Across the lonely street ;
An' tricks were played, an' jokes pass'd free,
An' au wi' one consent agree
 To pass a jolly neet.

Some sought their pipes a reek to raise,
An' thus the time in various ways
 We pleasantly did pass ;

For some, naan fond o' 'bacca smoke,
Slipp'd sily off into a nook
 To kiss a bonny lass.

How many poets rave an' sing
Of buds an' flowers—which i' the spring
 Shoot forth fra ivvry tree ;
But whilst I've power to lift a pen,
Ye lasses shall inspire my strain,
 Ye are the flowers for me.

Ye wha the other sex despise,
If ye my lay wad scandalise
 In vain ye tax yer powers—
Poor, wretched, soulless cratur's ye,
Crook'd branches of a thorny tree,
 True joy was nivver yours.

But Harry, lad, I greatly fear
I shall offend thy dainty ear
 If I this strain pursue ;
Saa in conclusion I'll just say
I wish thee weel in ivvry way,
 An' thus bid thee adieu.

ADDRESS TO A YOUNG LADY,
IN SCARBOROUGH, WHO ASKED THE POET
TO WRITE HER A LETTER IN RHYME.

I extol not thy beauty in high sounding lays,
For 'tis not my intention to flatter an' praise ;
But, dear Jeannie, to me for a moment attend,
And hearken the wish that is breathed by a friend.—
May you always be far from confusion and strife,
And pleasantly glide o'er the ocean of life
Free from trials and troubles, rough tempests and gales,
With the pure breeze of happiness filling your sails ;
May you always be healthy, well-clothed an' fed,
May the sun of prosperity shine on your head,
May a spark of true sympathy glow in your breast,
To comfort the downcast and help the distress'd ;
And if to be married your heart is inclined—
May you meet with a husband warm-hearted and kind,
Be your love for each other so warm and sincere
That you grow day by day to each other more dear ;
May a family of children spring up round your table—
Lassies fair, and laddies warm-hearted and able.
But if it should happen that Cupid's sly dart
Passes off without leaving its wound in your heart ;

If no man can you to the altar persuade,
 May you be a beloved and respected old maid.
 But, married or single, may young days well spent,
 Bring you an old age of repose and content ;
 And when from this desert you wing your glad flight,
 May you take your abode in the regions of light.

LINES COMPOSED ON SEEING A WOMAN
 INTOXICATED IN SETTLE STREET ON A
 MARKET DAY.

Yan day, it was Tuesday, an' Settle was thrang,
 For fooaks to an fro in the market did gang ;
 There was warkmen an' tradesmen, an' farmers an'
 squires,
 An' some com as sellers, an' some com as buyers ;
 Some med theirsels thrang amang hampers an' crates,
 An' some stood i' clusters an' held girt debates,
 While others, who seem'd to hev nowt mich on hand,
 Wi' their hands i' their pockets, at t' carners did stand.

An' lasses an' women 'at com out o' t' moors,
 Were standing at t' draper's shop windows an' doors,

Like magpies they chatter'd, an' main' o' their talk
Was a jacket, dress, bonnet, or waterproof cloak ;
An' a woman I spied, quite respectably drest,
But still she was aulus apart fra the rest,
An' she'd ivvry appearance of being a sot,
For she couldn't walk streight, nor stand steady o' t'
spot.

Thaar she reel'd up an' down in the full market pla-ace,
Wi' the marks of a drunkard stamp'd plain on her
fa-ace,

Her een they were bloodshot, her nooas red enough,
An' her jacket an' dress were au covered wi' snuff.
Fooaks laughed as they pass'd, but naa heed did she
pay,

Self esteem an' respect hed au vanished away.
Hed some artist been thaar her likeness to draw,
She'd hev made sich a picture as Punch nivver saw.

Now staring she stood, wi' a stupified glance,
First shut this ee, then that, an' then shut baath at
yance ;

Wi' her hat cock'd on sideway, her hair—black as jet—
Fell down in disorder, escaped fra her net ;

Untidy she seem'd, in fa-ace an' in form,
 An' she rock'd, when she walked, like a ship in a storm.
 Then, thowt I, that poor fellow 'll hev a queer life
 Who hes sich a dolly as thee for his wife.

Now, young chaps, ye 'at think about tackin a wife,
 If ye wish to keep free fra au trouble an' strife,
 Don't gang hunting about efter beauty or brass,
 But fix on a modest an' sensible lass—
 Yan at's careful an' tidy an' i' t' habit o' thinking,
 An' not yan i' t' habit o' snuffin' an' drinking ;
 If ye git yan 'at's drucken, an' queer in her ways,
 Ye may live i' discomfort to t' end o' yer days.

LETTER TO JOE STEEL, KIRKBY STEPHEN,
 AFTER RECEIVING A POETICAL EPISTLE,
 ALONG WITH SOME VERSES COMPOSED BY
 HIM, CALLED LINES ON VISITING LORD
 WHARTON'S HOLLOW TREE.

My worthy, new-found friend, Jce Steel,
 I must confess it pleased me weel
 When I yer letter got ;

Ye are a chap of generous mind,
 Whose heart to friendship is inclined,
 I feel quite sure o' that.

As soon as e'er I cast my ee
 Upon that piece on Wharton's tree,
 Thowt I, whaivver's med it—
 Be he a tradesman or a clerk,
 Or yan that follows daily wark,
 This piece does him girt credit.

I'm capt how sich a chap as Close
 Can think to cock sa high his nose
 An' sound sa loud his name,
 When yan like ye lives by his side,
 Who, if ye choose, are qualified
 To put his works to shaam.

Ye say, let me say good or bad
 About yer rhyme, ye'll not be mad
 Nor tack the least offence ;
 That's reight, for when a chap can't beear
 Fra other's lips his faults to hear,
It shows his want o' sense.

Then au the faults that I could see
In that epistle sent to me,
 To ye I'll freely tell:
There's nowt to stop or damp yer pen,
Ye slip i' grammar now an' then,
 An' odd words ye mis-spell.

Maast o' the letter plainly shows
That fra yer pen the language flows
 Like watter fra a well;
Yer sentiments oft hit wi' mine,
For ye express i' mony a line
 Just what I feel mysel.

Like ye, I hate the swaggering clown
Who brags an' blusters up an' down,
 Wi' self-important swell;
Like ye, the selfish churl I hate
Who cares nowt for his neighbour's fate,
 If he thrives weel hissel.

Like ye, I love the dark green woods,
An' watter-fo's, whar roaring floods
 Rush in wi' deefening sound;

Like ye, I love the shady dells,
The shaggy cliffs, an' lofty fells,
Whose heeads wi' clouds are crown'd.

In glowing terms, ye proudly tell,
How, in the district whar ye dwell,
Is mony a splendid scene ;
Whar au who wish to see displayed
Hill, rock, an' field, an' woodland shade,
May come an' feeast ther een.

Then, pardon me, if now I raise
A stave or two to sund the praise
Of Craven's hills an' caves,
Of fertile daals an' flowing brooks,
Of watter-fo's an' shady nooks,
Whar t' fir an' t' hazel waves.

Of frowning cliffs an' lofty craggs,
Which raise aloft their points an' jags
Romanticly an' grand ;
Of rounded piles of limestone white,
Like batter'd towers of ancient might,
Built by some giant's hand.

Were ye to come across our way
On some fine, sunny summer's day,
 When ye hev time to spar,
'Twad pleease me wepl wi' ye to rove,
To see sich spots as Malham Cove
 An' far-famed Gordale Scar :

Thaar cliffs uprear their shaggy wo's,
An' down below a streamlet flows,
 Wi' rough an' blustering din ;
While masses of projecting rock
Owerhing, as if the slightest shock
 Wad send 'em thundering in.

Amang sich varied scenes as these,
Of hills an' meadows, rocks an' trees,
 I live, fra trouble free.
The crowded city's grand display
Of arts an' fashions proudly gay,
 Possess naa charm for me.

I envy not the boisterous joys
Of those who love to raise a noise
 Whar drunkard's sip their glass ;

But when my day's wark I hev done,
I love to ramble w^t my gun,
Or cooart some bonny lass.

When gently blows the evening breeze
Among the flowers an' blooming trees
That scent the summer air—
'Mid scenes secluded let me glide,
An' tripping leetly by my side
A lassie sweet an' fair.

But, now, to hasten to amend,
A stave or two fra ye, my friend,
I s'all expect ere lang ;
Im' fond o' speeches rough an' queer,
An', when ye write, I hope to hear
Ye speak yer native twang.

Among the rest, just say if ye,
A young, unfetter'd dog, like me,
Still leoad a single life ;
Or if yer youthful days are past,
An' ye hev lang sin been made fast,
Give my respects to t' wife.

Thus, heving tell'd ye what I think,
I'll put aside my pen an' ink,
For I hev sed my say;
In hopes that ye may sometime meet,
An mack acquaintance maar complete,
I now bid ye good day.

SONG OF THE OLD MAID.

The sun it war sinking, the neet it war fair,
An' sweet war the breath of the calm summer air;
The last merry notes of a skylark shrill,
Hed deed on the heights of a neighb'ring hill.
The evening sang of the deep-toned thrush,
Was poured fra a twig on a hawthorn bush;
An' I, i' the twilight, war walking alone,
When I heeard a voice sing, in a piteous tone,
O, I am fifty and three!

Ah, me! it exclaimed, with a deep-drawn sigh,
I shall never be married, my time hes gone by,
My charms they hev wither'd and deed away,
Like the once green leaves on an autumn's day;

My youth it is fled and my beauty gone,
 An' I feel that grim tyrant old age creeping on ;
 Now pale are my cheeks where once blazon'd the
 rose,

And, ah ! I hev scarcely a tooth in my jaws,
 For I am fifty and three.

Full well I remember, when I war sixteen,
 I was fair as a lily, and proud as a queen ;
 An' wharivver I went—to the dance or the fair,
 There lovers in plenty would wait on me there,
 But none of them got a kind word from me,
 I wanted a man of much higher degree ;
 But now, I'm forsaken, my hopes are all fled,
 An' I'll shiv'ring creep to my cold, lone bed,
 For I am fifty and three.

All lonely, I sit through the lang summer day,
 Without a companion to while time away ;
 An' I starve i' my bed on a cowl winter's neet,
 Wi' a shawl round my heead, an' hot bricks at my
 feet.

Will man man come forard an' mak me a wife,
 Or I'm weary, indeed, of my desolate life ;

I've plenty to eat, an' to drink, an' au that,
But I've nothing to love but a lazy Tom Cat,
For I am fifty and three.

Saa now, au ye lassies, 'at's turned twenty-yan,
Don't be saa consated i' t' choice of a man ;
Don't set yersels up, wi' a heigh, scornful air,
But strike for a bargain what t' buyer bids fair ;
For youth is like summer—swift-passing away,
An' soon ye'll be like to a cowl winter's day,
Yer strength will be wasted, yer beauty decay'd,
An' ye'll find ye'll be nowt but a stingy old maid,
When ye are fifty and three.

ADVICE TO YOUNG LADIES, GIVEN AT THE
CLOSE OF AN ADDRESS ON TEMPERANCE DELIVERED BY THE POET.

Saa now, ye young women, saa bonnie an' breet,
Just tak the advice that I give ye to-neet ;
I isn't ower burden'd wi' knowledge mysel,
But, still, ther's part truth i' what I've to tell ;
An' I hope, i' my heart, ye'll not tack it amiss,
For what I intend to say to ye, is this :—

If ivver a fellow that's fond of his beer
Comes to whisper a melting love tale i' yer ear,
Says, wi' words smooth and oily, if ye'll be his wife,
Ye's hev a snug haam au t' rest o' yer life,
That he'll caar for ye weel, if wi' him ye will dwell,
When au t' time he's nut fit to tak care of hissel,
Just bid him begone, and ne'er com again,
Unless fra strang drink he'll consent to abstain ;
An', if he likes ye, he'll do it, depend on't, .
But if drink he likes better, wha, then ther's an end
on't ;

An ye'd better be single au't days o' yer life,
Than be ca'd by this naam—"A drucken man's wife.
Just calmly consider what a comfortless lot
Wad be yowers, if he happen to turn out a sot ;
Yer snug, tidy haam—whar then wad it be,
If strang drink he liked better than what he lik'd ye ;
Yer hopes of prosperity wad fade and decay,
An' yer dreams of true happiness au pass away.
Love for ye, and respect for hissel, au departed,
Ye mud live in a cellar, an' dee brokken-hearted.
Saa now, young and owd, be ye woman or man,
Come and join—heart and hand—and assist the
good plan ;

Come and help to do good, for room there is ample,
 If ye can't mak a speech—let us hev yer example.
 Like sisters and brothers, let's join hand in hand,
 An' feight wi' this monster—this curse of the land ;
 And when fra the kingdom he's banish'd away,
 We'll au wave wer hats, an' shout hip, hip, hurra !

POETICAL FINISH
 TO A TEMPERANCE SPEECH ADDRESSED
 TO WORKING MEN.

Ye'll find it is a foolish plan, if ye begin to think,
 For ony poor hard-working man to spend his brass i'
 drink ;
 For if he hes a bit to spar, 'twad be a wiser way
 To put it snugly by somwhar, again a rainy day.
 It maks lile matter what's his trade—smith, cobbler,
 mason, wreet,
 Or yan who wields the draining spaad, wi' clogs upon
 his feet ;
 If he's a partner to maintain, an' bairns baath girt an'
 sma',
 Howivver big his weekly gain, he's wark enough for au.

But, ah! how often tis the case, men of the working
 class
 Will congregate i' some low place, to spend their hard-
 earned brass;
 Thaar, like a lot o' sneaking scamps, they argue, drink
 and treetat,
 Altho' ther bairns gang ragged as tramps, and starve
 for th' want o' meeat.
 An' lots o' single men we see, who hev naa bairns to
 keep,
 'At's still as poor as poor can be, becos they drink so
 deep;
 Naa matter how mich brass they mak, they swill it
 down their throat,
 An' gang wi' t' claas ragged on ther back, too poor to
 buy a cooat.
 Sich like as them 'll ne'er hev owt, when age comes
 creeping nigh,
 Becos they hevint hed care and thowt to put a lile bit
 by;
 Saa they mun scrat a pittance baar, or weear the wark-
 house clogs,
*An' when they dee foak caar na maar than if they'd
 bin but dogs.*

Saa now, my fellow working-man, don't hesitate and
shaam,

We'll find the pledge-book and the pen, if ye'll but sign
yer naam.

Come on! and be advised by me, for still there is a
chance,

An' if yer wishful to be free, give drinking up at yance.
Then, if temptations press ye hard, or comrades laugh
anew,

Don't ye give way, whate'er they say, but to your
pledge stand true.

Don't let yer love for pints and gills yer resolutions
scatter,

But if t' owd spark rise i' yer gills, just swill it down
wi' watter.

THE PIC-NIC.

The summer sun raase breet and fair,

An' softly breathed the morning air

Out fra the clear south-west.

I' leafy bowers the yang birds sung,

An' Natur' au look'd fresh and young—

I' varied splendour drest.

The fields were au i' vapour veil'd,
Till, while the warm, breet rays assail'd,
 Up fled the leet, grey mist.
The flowers expanded one by one,
As fast as the refreshing sun
 Their dewy faaces kiss'd.

An' mony a lad jump'd out o' bed,
As soon as the first streak o' red
 Proclaimed the coming morning.
An' mony a bonny, blooming lass,
Stood full an hour before the glass,
 Her hair and dress adorning.

An' pleasure danc'd i' mony an ee,
An' mony a heart, wi' mirth and glee,
 Was flutter'd and excited—
An' this was t' cause, ye'll understand,
Some friends a grand pic-nic had planned,
 An' they hed been invited.

It hed been fixed au reight and streight,
For them to meet at hauf-past eight,
 Au ready for a start.

To carry t' things that they required,
They'd been, the neet before, an' hired
A tidy, leet spring-cart.

An' when they meet, what fuss they mack,
They smile, an' nod, an' hands they shack,
Quite in a friendly way ;
Their looks, their laughter, indicate
They ivvry yan anticipate
A reg'lar merry day.

Now baskets, filled wi' spoons an' cups
An' plates, to howd the bits an' sups,
Wor hunted out i' plenty ;
An' into t' cart they also cram
Lile baskets, stuff'd wi' beef an' ham,
An' mony another dainty.

For fear they should git mark'd or crack'd,
Two teapots next i' straw wor pack'd—
Yan clay an' t'other metal ;
An' sticks an' chips they brought i' bags,
An' last of au, lapp'd up i' rags,
A girt, black copper-kettle.

Although impatient of delay,
They stow their needful things away,
 Wi' caar an' calculation ;
This done, they then their march commence—
For Gordale Scar—some six miles hence—
 Was their grand destination.

High i' the heavens the sun did blaze,
He pour'd his hot, unpitying rays
 Upon the lads—poor fellows !
The lassies naa distress betray'd,
But tripp'd along beneath the shade
 Of their like silk umbrellas.

Ower limestone rocks, au ling an' bent,
Ower hill an' slack, away they went,
 Beneath that burning sun ;
But lang befoor they got to t' place,
Some wiped the heat-drops off their faace,
 An' said that they wor done.

But when at length the spot they've gain'd—
Tho', just before, they'd au complain'd
 Of being hot and tired—

Some brack out into loud hurrahs,
While others upwards turn'd their gaze,
An' silently admired.

This was t' first time some on 'em'd been,
To see the grand romantic scene
Now to their view display'd ;
But hed they walk'd six times as far,
They said the seet of Gordale Scar,
Their toil hed weel repaid.

When they'd examined an' surveyed,
An' this remark an' t'other maad,
They for the feeast prepare ;
For some by this began to feel,
That though a walk is varra weel,
Man can't subsist on air.

Then au who can perform their part—
Some fetch the chip-bags from the cart—
An' soon a fire they raise.
Plates, teapots, t' kettle, some hunt out,
An' thus they ran an' fuss'd about,
Employed i' various ways.

Naa chairs nor tables they possess'd,
 They plann'd, contrived, and did their best,
 An' substitutes they faud ;
 Upo' the ground a cloth they spreed,
 An' on a rock they cut their breed,
 An' au look'd varra grand.

Bi this they hev arrang'd their things,
 Bi this the kettle puffs an' sings,
 Till t' lid does fairly dance.
 Wi' langing looks they au draw near,
 An' wait impatiently to hear—
 "We'd best begin at yance."

Then down o' t' top o' t' ground some sat,
 Some stood, some knelt, an' some laid flat,
 But au gat to it fairly ;
 To wark went thirty paar o' jaws,
 Instead o' forks they used their paws,
 An' faud they answered rarely.

This was naa time for formal pride,
The best amang 'em cast aside
 Their taast, their style, an' breeding ;

An' either sex, wi' au their might,
Wor pitching in t' o' t' left an' right,
Like hungry wild bœasts feeding.

The dainty pills fast disappeared,
An' cups wor drain'd, an' plates wor cleared,
An' havoc strange was made ;
Hed ony hungry ploughman seen,
He wod ha' oppen'd wide his een,
To watch the parts they play'd.

An' when at length they've hed their fill,
Then up they rise, wi' reight good will,
Fra t' biggest down to t' leeast.
Some wesh the pots wi' caareless speed,
And some collect, for future need,
The remnants of thîe feeast.

Some lish young lads start fra the rest,
An' up the rocks' steep, rugged breast
They scramble just like tars ;
While others their assistance lend,
An' help the lassies to ascend
The ugly crags an' scars.

Befoor 'em au, gangs caarless Will,
 Intent is he to show his skill
 In scaling rocks an' staans ;
 But ah ! he sadly missed his mark,
 For down he fell, an' scraap'd the bark
 Fra off his poor shin baans.

Now Harry—who at ivvry chance
 Hes cast a sly an' meeaning glance
 On bonny Mary Jane—
 Ses to hissel—" Now, hit or miss,
 " An opportunity like this
 " May nivver come again."

Saa straight up to her side he walked,
 An' pleasantly to her he talked,
 An' his assistance proffered ;
 Naa answer, queer or cross, she macks,
 But, seeing naa objection, taks
 The arm that he hes offer'd.

Then on the lot they turn their backs,
But, up the rudely hauf-formed tracks,
 He tenders her his aid ;

While she, in merry mood meanwhile,
Wi' mony a winning smirk an' smile,
His kindness weel repaid.

Upon a crag, owergrown wi' grass,
Beneath the cliffs' ower-hinging mass,
They sit t'ane close to t'other.
Nowt can they hear, nowt do they see,
Because they are saa busily
Engaged wi' yan another.

Then Johnnie, who was fond o' pranks,
Com' deftly up, wi' nimble shanks,
To see what they wor doing ;
An' there, held fast i' tight embraace,
Wi' hand i' hand, an' faace to faace,
Like turtle doves they're cooing.

But, seeing Johnny, up they sprang,
An' down, to join the noisy thrang,
They slowly wend their way ;
While them below, who'd watch'd the fun,
Waav'd hats an' caps, an' then begun
Loud shouting "Hip, Hurrah!"

An' now they form a merry ring,
An' round they run, an' loud they sing,
 An' mony a lass gat kiss'd ;
While others, who wor never tried,
Although they seem'd quite satisfied,
 Wor vex'd at being miss'd.

An' when they've spent a romping fit,
The lassies think they'll rest a bit,
 An' sit down in a group ;
Meanwhile, the lads, in full career,
Are striving which t' bigg'st space can clear,
 At hop, skip, stride, an' loup.

But now the breet midsummer sun
His daily course hes nearly run,
 For ower the valleys green
His last faint, ling'ring ray he sends,
Reminding our pic-nicking friends
 They'd better close the scene.

Then games an' tricks were thrown aside
An' cloaks put on, an' hat-strings tied,
 An' au was fuss an' fluster.

For six miles' tramp, ower hedge and dike,
Girt holes, rough walls, an' au sich like,
Their power they now mun muster.

Some walked off leetly, two an' two—
I think it's wisdom saa to do,

It seems the easiest style ;—
Some walk'd i' knots of five or six,
While others, not inclin'd to mix,
March off i' single file.

I think it's needless that I tell
How things went on, an' what befell,
Except I just may say—
Skirts torn wi' climbing waus it t' dark,
Faud mony a lass enough o' wark
To fit her au t' next day.

LINES ADDRESSED TO THE REVD. MR. GREY,
OF SCOTLAND, ON HIS BIRTHDAY, WHICH
OCCURED DURING A PASTORAL VISIT TO
SETTLE.

THOUGH from your native, lofty fells,
Woods, water-falls, and shady dells,
You now are far away—

Let not the thought make pleasure less,
We wish you every happiness,
 An' joy, on your birthday.
If thoughts of home, and friends afar,
Your true enjoyment now would mar,
 And any pleasure spoil—
Cheer up, and drive dull care away,
And let this be the happiest day
 You've spent on English soil.
As through this world of sin you plod,
O may it be the will of God
 Your blessings to increase ;
May every year that passes by,
Leave you a new and full supply
 Of joy, and health, and peace.
Go forth, with courage high and bold—
As the apostles did of old—
 The Gospel seed to sow ;
And may the truths which you expound,
Fall on some good and fruitful ground,
 And there take root and grow.
Strive not for wealth, or man's applause,
But, earnest in your master's cause,
 His pard'ning mercy tell ;

Your zealous efforts he will bless,
And grant you very great success
 In saving souls from hell.
And when you've seen your last birthday,
And your frail body meets decay,
May your freed spirit soar away
 From earth and earthly things
To join the bright, angelic trains,
Which roam o'er the celestial plains,
And tune the praise of Him who reigns
 The glorious King of Kings.



